Wayside Hymns.

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WAY SIDE HYMNS.

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WAY SIDE HYMNS.

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

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MY MOUTH SHALL PRAISE THEE.

"Open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise."
Ps. li. 15.

O LORD, I pray Thee touch
My sinful, mute, earth-kissing lips with
Thy pure hand,
And give me grace Thy will and ways to understand!
Lord is this boon too much?

Yet, if Thou choose to seal
My lips in endless silence, I would gladly lay
Thy hand upon them evermore, and pray,
"Thyself in this reveal!"

I have not learned the speech
Of angels in the glorious new Jerusalem;
And yet I hope my lips have touched His garment's hem,
Who often deigns to reach

His hand of tenderness—
Ah, precious, piercèd hand which once for sinners bled!—
From heaven down to earth to lay it on my head,
In heavenly caress.

Lord, wouldst Thou have me be
For ever silent, when Thou hast my soul redeemed,
And now within Thine arms dost hold the lamb that seemed
So lost to heaven and Thee?

Oh, with a living coal
From off Moriah's altar, where God's Isaac laid
His willing holocaust, and thus our ransom paid,
Touch my polluted soul!

Touch lips, and heart, and life,
That I may bear for ever with me, till I die,
Immanuel's death, and still repeat His dying cry
Which ended all the strife.

Teach me, dear Lord, to speak
For Thee so shall I never fear to speak amiss;
And when Thou 'dst have me silent, seal with Thine own kiss
My dying accents weak.

And even Death's eclipse
May throw a halo round some timid, tearful word,
In weakness sown for Christ—in power raised and heard
From silent, death-sealed lips.

L.

JOY IN THE LORD.

"*The joy of the Lord is your strength.*"—NEH. viii 10.

NO better days can ever rise,
My cup is running over;
From east to west I turn mine eyes,
Nor faintest cloud discover.

My life, this lonely human life,
Has more than purple splendor,
And kingly guests come day by day
Their kingly gifts to render.

The earth can never grow more fair—
I know her grand perfection,
And wait while ages wax and wear,
With her for God's direction.

I tread with the immortal strength,
Nor fear the mortal failing;

What though I stoop to Death at length,
I find no room for wailing.

Joy makes me humbler than my sin—
That *I* should see this glory!
That I should say, "Christ, enter in,"
And know Thee and adore Thee!

I ask no gifts beyond the gifts
Thy love, O Christ, hath given—
The fountain springing from the rifts,
The daily bread from Heaven!

THE HOLDFAST.

"All things are yours, . . And ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.
1 Cor. iii. 21, 23.

I THREATENED to observe the strict decree
Of my dear God, with all my power and might;
But I was told by one it could not be,
Yet I might trust in God to be my light.

Then will I trust, said I, in Him alone.
Nay, even to trust in Him was also His;
We must confess that nothing is our own.
Then I confess that He my succor is.

But to *have* naught is ours not to confess
That we have naught. I stood amazed at this,
Much troubled—till I heard a friend express
That all things were more ours by being His.
What Adam had, and forfeited for all,
Christ keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE SAVIOUR SATISFIED.

"*He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied.*"—Is. liii. 11.

OH, Christian! hold thou on thy steadfast way,
Still looking upward for the perfect day;
So may'st thou win, to cheer earth's "little while,"
The Saviour's smile!

Seek counsel at no worldly wisdom's shrine,
But try thy walk by God's high rule divine;
Asking at every step His will to prove—
Will Christ approve?

Put every thought of self and sin away,
Forget thine own bright crown, and only pray
That Christ, *thy All*, whatever else betide,
Be glorified!

There needs no higher, as no lower thought,
Than simply this, by God's own Spirit taught,
"May Jesus every day in all things be
Well pleased in me!"

So shall thy raiment keep its spotless white,
Through all the darkest struggles of the night;
So shall it always be thy sweet reward
To please the Lord!

Naught *in thyself* of beauty, or of grace,
Nor aught of sweetness, save in Jesus' face;
No form or comeliness, no likeness dim
At all to Him!

But let thy soul be open to the heaven,
And lo! a new-born beauty shall be given,
Like flowers, whose being never had begun
Without the sun!

Jesus, *thy Sun*, the cold, dead heart shall warm,
And quicken into life the nerveless form;
Till in His matchless image thou shalt shine
With light divine!

O Light of light! who suffer'dst in our place
That dark eclipse—the Father's hidden face—

Open these lidded eyes—unveil our sight
To see the light!

O silent Lamb! so meek to bear the scorn,
The mocking knee, the cruel crown of thorn,
That justice might, in sinners justified,
Be satisfied—

Look Thou on us, by faith made clean and whole,
And see, O Christ, the travail of Thy soul;
Here in the hearts Thy grace hath sanctified,
Be satisfied!

A. S. K.

AFTER STRIFE.

"*This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest.*"—Is. xxviii. 12.

THE Sabbath sunshine blessed the earth to-day
With large, still utterance of a thought divine;
For ever freely thus—it seemed to say—
Doth heavenly love on human darkness shine;
Oh, bright beyond all suns, that wondrous light
of Thine!

To-night, the Sabbath moonlight, with white wings,
Dove-like, doth brood o'er earth's dark fevered
breast;

So God's great calm its gift of healing brings
To souls long tossed in sorrowful unrest,
And leaves therein the peace that cannot be expressed.

AFTER REST.

The loving skies lean softly down to bless,
The hills reach upward for that mute caress;
White calms of clouds are floating on their way,
As winged with that sweet peace of yesterday.
Sunrise with singing in the east is born,
And the whole earth is jubilant this morn,
After the Day of Rest.

From out the white tent of that blest repose
We pass as one who unto battle goes,
His head anointed with a knightly oil:
And as we climb anew the hills of toil,
The work-day world, elate and all astir
With eager tumults, looketh hopefuller
After the Day of Rest.

Thus o'er our path the Sabbath lilies spring,
Through hours of strife their decoy sweets to fling;
With bells of peace to call our hearts away,
Expectant still of that eternal day

When souls that burn on tireless wing to rise
Shall find all high and pure activities
And weariness, all rest.

CHRIST IN GOD.

"*Your life is hid with Christ in God.*"—Col. iii. 3.

OH! to lose oneself in Jesus,
In the sweetness of His will;
He from every burden frees us
With Himself our souls to fill!

Oh! to know one only treasure,
God, the only good divine;
Him whose mercy knows no measure,
In whose favor life is mine!

Oh! to plunge oneself for ever
In the ocean of His love;
In whose depths were cooled life's fever,
Drowned all griefs that earth can prove.

Oh! to leave the world's caressing,
All its follies, all its fears;
To the gates of glory pressing,
Peaceful through this vale of tears!

Oh! for grace and strength to banish
All that holds me back from God;
Like the mist, earth's joy shall vanish
At the lifting of His rod!

Oh! for eyes that wait on Jesus,
On the Lord of light and life;
He the trusting soul releases
From all bondage, from all strife.

Oh! for faith to find the Saviour
Hid within my secret heart;
He in me to dwell for ever,
I from Him no more to part!

Thou abyss of grace and glory,
Draw us, through the cross, to Thee;
By the Babe of Bethlehem's story
Make us all at one with Thee.

FROM THE GERMAN.

HASTE NOT! REST NOT!

"*He that believeth shall not make haste.*"—Is. xxviii. 16.
"*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.*"—Ecc. ix. 10.

WITHOUT haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell,

Storm or sunshine guard it well
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not! let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right,—
Onward then with all thy might!
Haste not! years cannot atone
For one reckless action done!

Rest not! Life is sweeping by;
Go and dare before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time,—
Glorious 'tis to live for aye
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! Rest not! calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide,
Do the right, whate'er betide!
Haste not! Rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

—*From the German.*
Hys. o.t. Ages, iii.X

THE PEACE OF GOD.

"*The Peace of God which passeth all understanding.*"—PHIL. iv. 7.

THESE words fell softly on my ears, and so I prayed:

"Give *us* this peace, O God! and in each breast
All stormy thoughts and feelings shall be stayed,
And we shall find in Thee our perfect rest.
We're weary of the care, and toil, and strife—
These dark attendants of our onward way
Still cast their dreary mists o'er all our life.
Look down, O Lord! and send them all away."
And then a voice, soft, solemn, low and sweet,
Seemed to my fancy whispering in my ear:
"Be not cast down, nor troubled; 'tis but meet
That thou shouldst bear thy cross—then wherefore fear
The trials in thy path?" Our Saviour looketh down,
And those who work with patience win at last a crown!

TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

CHILD-LIKE SUBMISSION.

"*My soul is even as a weaned child.*"—Ps. cxxxi. 2.

WHAT pleases God, O pious soul,
Accept with joy, though thunders roll
And tempests lower on every side,
Thou knowest naught can thee betide
But pleases God.

The best will is our Father's will,
And we may rest there calm and still;
Oh, make it hour by hour thine own,
And wish for naught but that alone
Which pleases God.

His thought is aye the wisest thought;
How oft man's wisdom comes to naught;
Mistake or wisdom in it lurks,
It brings forth ill and seldom works
What pleases God.

His mind is aye the gentlest mind,
His will and deeds are ever kind;
He blesses when against us speaks
The evil world, that rarely seeks
What pleases God.

His heart is aye the truest heart,
He bids all woe and harm depart;
Defending, shielding day and night
The man who knows and loves aright
What pleases God.

He governs all things here below,
In Him lie all our weal and woe;
He bears the world within His hand,
And so to us bear sea and land
What pleases God.

And o'er His little flock He yearns,
And when to evil ways it turns,
The Father's rod oft smiteth sore,
Until it learns to do once more
What pleases God.

What most would profit us He knows,
And ne'er denies aught good to those
Who with their utmost strength pursue
The right, and only care to do
What pleases God.

If this be so, then, World, from me
Keep, if thou wilt, what pleases thee;

But thou, my soul, be well content
With God and all things He hath sent,
As pleases God.

And must thou suffer here and there,
Cling but the firmer to His care;
For all things are beneath His sway,
And must in very truth obey
What pleases God.

True faith will grasp His mercy fast,
And hope bring patience at the last;
Then both within thy heart enshrine,
So shall the heritage be thine
That pleases God.

To thee for ever shall be given
A kingdom and a throne in Heaven;
And there shall be fulfilled in thee,
And thou shalt taste and hear and see
What pleases God.

PAUL GERHARDT,—1653
Lyra Ger., ii. 256

CHRIST THE PRIZE.

"*Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain.*"—1 Cor. ix. 24.

OH, for a wrestler's heart! a stern,
Steady and strong resolve,
That will not from the pathway turn
Though fainting flesh dissolve.

Oh, for ambition keen! that rests
Not in the upward flight,
Until its eagle eye it sets
Upon the realms of light.

Oh, for love's longing soul! to press
Through dangers, sins and grief,
Till the fair sight of Christ shall bless
Its wants with full relief.

And oh, for lowliness! to let
Thee, Saviour, carry me;
And never, never to forget
Thine is my victory!

E. A. W.

HEAVEN IS BLISS.

"*The grass withereth, the flower fadeth.*"—Is. xl. 8.
"*He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.*"—1 John ii. 17.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day;
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they flee away!
Oh, for the pearly gates of Heaven!
Oh, for the golden floor!
Oh, for the sun of righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps the earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

Here, faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there, are perfectness and bliss
Beyond our best desire.

Oh, by thy love and anguish, Lord!
Oh, by thy life laid down!
Oh, that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

THE MASTER'S WELCOME.

"*He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.*"—Ps. cxxvi. 6.

GO forth, the Master calls,
Thou may'st not linger here—
Forth from the home thou lovest well,
Forth from thy friends so dear.

Go weeping forth—ah, yes,
Full many a tear shall fall,
As on thou travelest, faint and weak,
In answer to that call.

Go weeping forth, but take
The precious seed with thee;
Scatter it wide on every breeze—
Bear it o'er every sea.

Thou shalt return; in joy
And triumph shalt thou come;

And new-born souls, with rapturous songs,
Shall shout thy welcome *home.*

Bringing the gathered sheaves
With thee, at set of sun,
The Master's welcoming voice shall say,
"Thou faithful soul, well done!"

"Enter into my rest,
Thy labors now are o'er—
Thy tears are shed, thy work is done,
Rest thee for evermore!"

BE STILL!

"*Peace, be still!*"—MARK iv. 39.

PEACE! Be still!
In this night of sorrow bow,
O my heart! contend not thou!
What befalls thee is God's will—
Peace! Be still!

Peace! Be still!
All thy murmuring words are vain—
God will make the riddle plain;
Wait his word and hear his will—
Peace! Be still!

Hold thee still!
Though the Father scourge thee sore,
Cling thee to Him all the more,
Let Him mercy's work fulfill!
Hold thee still!

Hold thee still!
Though the good Physician's knife
Seem to touch thy very life,
Death alone he means to kill—
Hold thee still!

Lord, my God!
Give me grace, that I may be
Thy true child, and silently
Own Thy sceptre and Thy rod,
Lord, my God!

Shepherd mine!
From thy fullness give me still
Faith to do and bear Thy will,
Till the morning light shall shine,
Shepherd mine!

SABBATH DAYS.

"*Call the Sabbath a delight.*"—Is. lviii. 13.

TYPES of eternal rest, fair buds of bliss,
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week—
The next world's gladness imaged forth in this—
Days of whose worth the Christian's heart can speak!

Eternity in time—the steps by which
We climb to future ages—lamps that light
Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,
Yielding redemption for the week's dull flight.

Wakeners of prayer in man—his resting bowers,
As on he journeys in the narrow way,
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fixed by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts and purify our powers;
Periods appointed to renew our trust—
A gleam of glory after six days' showers!

A milky way marked out through skies else drear,
By radiant suns, that warm as well as shine—

A clue which he who follows knows no fear,
Though briers and thorns around his pathway twine.

Foretastes of heaven on earth—pledges of joy
Surpassing fancy's flights and fiction's story!
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory!

VAUGHAN.

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

"*They clothed him with purple, and platted a crown of thorns, and put it about his head.*"—MARK XV. 17.

WHEN, through the expectant stillness, "Lo, I come!"
Broke, with a sudden gladness, on the ear,
That, but for faith, had grown too dull to hear—
Few hearts replied, "Hail, Master! hail, our own!"
And when He said, "My Father's work is done,"
And took for throne the cross He erst while bore,
The people, turning, looked, as they 'd of yore,
To throne of pride, for *their* Redeeming One.
The Meek and Lowly was no Lord for them,
Their sceptre not for Him—the sorrow-bowed;

And so they led Him from Jerusalem,
And never saw God's anger through the cloud.
In bitter, jesting mood they crowned His head,
And only women wept when He was dead!

Since He, to whom all crowns are subject, won,
From man's appreciation, but a wreath
Of thorns, entwined by mocking unbelief,
Why look for man to judge what thou hast done?
Yield thy account, O striver! unto One
Whose wisdom knows not an obscuring cloud,
Whose life is doomed not to the funeral shroud;
To Him, whose mind is brighter than the sun,
Self-crowned with faith, strive to thy utmost strength
In thine own field, and yet another crown
Around thy spirit shall be laid, at length,
No shadow from its circle drooping down.
Only thy faith and deeds for tribute bring,
And He will never ask, "Wert thou *acknowledged* king?"

CHESEBRO.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PORTION.

"*If we suffer, we shall also reign with him.*"—2 Tim. ii. 12.

ACHE on, poor stricken heart, ache on!
Thy Saviour's heart hath ached before.
It is thy precious benison
To bear. He bore!

Thy little cross of pain, how light
Compared with that, my soul, He knew!
Thy little ills and cares, how slight,
How nameless, few!

Oh! had this life, like summer day,
Shone brightly, soul, upon thy path;
From God thou long hadst stayed away,
A child of wrath.

But now a drooping, trembling thing,
Oft sorely smitten by His rod,
Thou comest, in thy grief, to cling
Closer to God.

Yet aching, suffering heart, be still!
Soon, soon shall life's short pang be o'er;
With its last pain it soon shall thrill;
Then, feel no more!

Then feel no more? Ah, no! ah, no!
Then feel but peace and bliss alone;
Then feel what angels feel—then know
Their joys its own.

Oh that it now might rise and win
That conquest still to conflict given,
And garner up its hopes within
Its God—its heaven!

Oh, thus with Jesus by thy side,
What are this earth's low griefs to thee
Up, then! in God's high strength abide—
In Him be free!

Free in the soul's unfettered flight!
Free in the love that wings its way
Where all is pure—where all is bright—
Heaven's cloudless day!

CHRISTIAN FREEDOM.

'*Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.*"—2 Cor. iii. 17.

A LITTLE bird I am
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing,
To Him who placed me there;

Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee!

Naught have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He, whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song.
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear;
A heart to love and bless;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less;
Because Thou knowest as they fall
That love, sweet love, inspires them all!

My cage confines me round;
Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul!

Oh! it is good to soar,
These bolts and bars above

To Thee, whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence is love;
And in Thy mighty Will to find,
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

MADAME GUION.

THE WEARY WATCHER.

"*Couldst not thou watch one hour?*"—MARK xiv. 37.

THY night is dark! behold! the shade is deeper
In the old garden of Gethsemane;
When that calm voice awoke the weary sleeper,
Couldst thou not watch one hour alone with me?

Oh, thou, so weary of thy self-denials,
And so impatient of thy little cross;
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,
To count all earthly things a gainful loss?

What if thou *always* suffer tribulation,
And if thy Christian warfare *never* cease;
The gaining of the quiet habitation
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here we all must suffer, walking lonely
The path that Jesus once himself hath gone;

Watch thou in patience through this hour only.
This one dark hour before the eternal dawn.

The captive's oar may pause upon the galley,
The soldier sleep beneath his pluméd crest,
And Peace may fold her wing o'er hill and valley
But thou, O Christian! must not take thy rest

Thou must walk on, however man upbraid thee,
With Him who trod the wine-press all alone;
Thou wilt not find one human hand to aid thee,
One human soul, to comprehend thine own.

Heed not the images for ever thronging
From out the foregone life thou livest no more;
Faint-hearted mariner, still art thou longing
For the dim line of the receding shore.

Wilt thou find rest of soul in thy returning
To that old path thou hast so vainly trod?
Hast thou forgotten all thy weary yearning
To walk among the children of thy God?

Faithful and steadfast in their consecration,
Living by that high faith to thee so dim,

Declaring before God their dedication,
So far from thee, because so near to Him.

Canst thou forget thy Christian superscription—
"Behold, we count them happy which endure?"
What treasure wouldst thou, in the land Egyptian,
Repass the stormy water to secure?

And wilt thou yield thy sure and glorious promise
For the poor fleeting joys earth can afford?
No hand can take away the treasure from us
That rests within the keeping of the Lord.

Poor wandering soul! I know that thou art seeking
Some easier way, as all have sought before,
To silence the reproachful inward speaking—
Some landward path unto an island shore!

The cross is heavy in thy human measure,
The way too narrow for thine inward pride,
Thou canst not lay thine intellectual treasure
At the low footstool of the Crucified.

Oh that thy faithless soul, one hour only
Would comprehend the Christian's perfect life;

Despised with Jesus, sorrowful and lonely,
Yet calmly looking upward in its strife!

For poverty and self-renunciation,
Their Father yieldeth back a thousand fold;
In the calm stillness of regeneration
Cometh a joy they never knew of old.

In meek obedience to the heavenly Teacher,
Thy weary soul can only find its peace;
Seeking no aid from any human creature;
Looking to God alone for His release.

And He will come in His own time and power,
To set his earnest-hearted children free;
Watch only through this dark and painful hour,
And the bright morning yet will break for thee.

SAVED BY GRACE.

"*By grace ye are saved.*"—Eph. ii. 5.

AN outcast I, deep dyed in sin;
Fears without and strife within:
How shall I, if I wish, begin
To save my soul from hell?

All human sympathy denied,
I've yearned, upon a river's side,
My sorrow and my pangs to hide
Beneath its rippling swell.

And could I from my mind dismiss
The reck'ning for life spent amiss,
How gladly would I barter this
For an eternal sleep!
"But in that sleep what dreams may come?"
The Judge! the Record! and the Doom!
Unceasing anguish! endless gloom!
A dark and vasty deep!

No! Rather would I brave the worst;
Be deemed of men a man accurst!
Live on, with heart disposed to burst,
Than face an angry God!
What, if by men not understood!
What if, perverting motives good,
They deem me bad! In humble mood
I'll kiss the chast'ning rod.

For, though as 'gainst my fellow man,
In honor, I both will and can

My station take. In God's great plan
I recreant am.
For I have been with mercies crowned;
Have floated while my shipmates drowned;
Have health preserved and safety found
In storm and calm.

If gratitude be born of earth,
Where shall we seek her place of birth
But in his heart—devoid of worth,
And yet sustained from harm!
Whose friends, unstable as the dust,
And many ties consumed with rust,
Tell him that he can only trust
To an Almighty Arm.

For God's great fiat has gone forth—
Man's efforts are of little worth,
Unless his soul, renewed in birth,
Clings to the Cross alone.
Then cast aside long prayers and fasts,
In shattered hulls with broken masts,
Come, hasten to the rich repasts,
The bridal garment on.

That bridal garment, wove of faith,
Such rare and wondrous virtue hath,
It frees the soul from sin and wrath,
And fits it for a throne.
Saviour! Master! Man and God!
The pilgrim's staff! The prophet's rod!
Until I sink beneath the sod,
Thou shalt my pattern be.
At humble distance, I'll pursue
The thorny path. Each day renew
The prayer to be disciple true,
And steadfast follow Thee.

LYNCH.

BE KIND AND FORGIVING.

"*Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.*"—EPH. iv. 32.

THANK God, that in life's little day,
Between our dawn and setting,
We have kind deeds to give away;
Sad hearts for which our own may pray,
And strength, when we are wronged, to stay,
Forgiving and forgetting!

Thank God, for other feet that be
By ours in life's way-faring;
For blessed Christian charity;
Believing when she cannot see,
Suffering her friend's infirmity,
Enduring and forbearing!

We are all travelers, who throng
A thorny road together;
And if some pilgrim not so strong
As I, but foot-sore, does me wrong,
I'll make excuse—the road is long,
And stormy is the weather.

What comfort will it yield the day
Whose light shall find us dying,
To know that once we had our way
Against a child of weaker clay,
And bought our triumph in the fray
With purchase of his sighing?

FAITH'S ANSWER.

"*I heard the voice of the Lord saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us. Then said I, Here am I; send me.*"—Is. vi. 8.

STILL, as of old, Thy precious word
Is by the nations faintly heard;
The hearts its holiness hath stirred
Are weak and few.
Wise men the secret dare not tell;
Still in Thy temple slumbers well
Good Eli; oh, like Samuel,
Lord, here am I!

Few years, no wisdom, no renown,
Only my life can I lay down;
Only my heart, Lord, to thy throne
I bring! and pray
That, child of Thine, I may go forth
And spread glad tidings through the earth,
And teach sad hearts to know Thy worth—
Lord, here am I!

Thy messenger, All-living One!
The errands of Thy truth to run;
The wisdom of Thy holy Son
To teach, and live!

No purse or scrip, no staff or sword;
Be pure intent my wings, O Lord!
Be innocence my magic word—
Lord, here am I!

Young lips may teach the wise, Christ said;
Weak feet sad wanderers home have led;
Small hands have cheered the sick one's bed
With freshest flowers!
Yet teach me, Father, heed their sighs,
While many a soul in darkness lies
And waits this message; make me wise—
Lord, here am I!

And make me strong; that, staff and stay,
And guide and guardian of the way,
To Thee-ward I may bear each day
Some precious soul.
"Speak, for I hear!" make "pure in heart"
Thy face to see, Thy truth impart
In hut and hall, in church and mart—
Lord, here am I!

I ask no heaven till earth be Thine;
Nor glory-crown, while work of mine
Remaineth here: when earth shall shine
Among the stars,

Her sins wiped out, her captives free,
Her voice a music unto Thee—
For crown, new work give Thou to me—
Lord, here am I!

C. WHITMARSH.

LONGING FOR JESUS.

"*Ye shall desire to see one of the days of the Son of man.*"—
LUKE xvii. 22.

IF Jesus came to earth again,
And walked and talked in field and street,
Who would not lay his human pain
Low at those heavenly feet?

And leave the loom, and leave the lute,
And leave the volume on the shelf,
To follow Him—unquestioning, mute,
If 'twere the Lord himself?

How many a brow with care o'erworn,
How many a heart with grief o'erladen,
How many a youth with love forlorn,
How many a mourning maiden,

Would leave the baffling, earthly prize,
Which fails the earthly, weak endeavor,

To gaze into those holy eyes
And drink content for ever?

The mortal hope I ask, with tears,
Of Heaven, to soothe this mortal pain—
The dream of all my darkened years—
I should not cling to, then.

The pride that prompts the bitter jest—
(Sharp styptic of a broken heart!)
Would fail, and humbly leave, confessed,
The sin that brought the smart.

If I might crouch within the fold
Of that white robe—a wounded bird,
The face that Mary saw behold,
And hear the word she heard,

I would not ask one word of all
That now my nature yearns to know;
The legend of the ancient fall;
The source of human woe!

What hopes in other worlds may hide;
What griefs yet unexplored in this;

How fares the soul within the wide,
  Waste track of that abyss?

I would not ask one word of this,
  If I might only hide my head
On that belovèd breast, and kiss
  The wound where Jesus bled!

And I, where'er He went would go,
  Nor question where the path might lead;
Enough to know that here below
  I walked with God indeed.

If this be thus, O Lord of mine!
  In absence is thy love forgot?
And must I, where I walk, repine
  Because I see Thee not?

Yet is my heart indeed so weak,
  My course alone I dare not trace!
Alas! I know my heart must break
  Before I see Thy face.

And all is dark, before, behind;
  I cannot reach Thee where Thou art;

I cannot bring Thee to my mind,
Nor clasp Thee to my heart.

Oh, nearer to me in the dark
Of Life's low hours, one moment stand,
And give me keener eyes to mark
The moving of Thy hand!

OWEN MEREDITH.

THE WOUNDED CHRIST.

"*Behold my and hands my feet, that it is I myself.*"
LUKE XXIV. 39.

WOUNDED hands and piercèd side,
Of my Saviour crucified,
Piercèd feet and thorn-pressed brow,
Oh that I could see them now!
See the stripes which healed my soul,
See the wounds which made me whole!
Jesus, precious Saviour, shine
On this longing soul of mine!
Stay my heart upon Thy word
While thou art my *absent* Lord.
Make me at each morning's light
Fairer, Jesus, in Thy sight.
With each nightfall give me rest,
On my blessed Saviour's breast.

Daily living on Thy grace
Till I see Thy glorious face,
Draw me closer to Thy side,
Oh, my Saviour crucified!
Satan says, How can you dare
Make your rest and refuge there,
When you know your heart within
Is a dreadful pit of sin?
Yet, my precious Riven Rock,
Close round Thee my arms I lock.
Just because I'd else despair,
I have rushed for refuge there.
Jesus' love has opened wide
For my soul his piercèd side.

L.

PASS ME NOT!

"*And they told him, that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by. And he cried, saying, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me.*"—LUKE xviii. 37, 38.

LORD! I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free—
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me.

Pass me not, O God, our Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me—
Even me.

Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to thee;
For I'm longing for thy favor.
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh! call me—
Even me.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesses of Jesus' merit!
Speak some word of power to me—
Even me.

Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me!
Even me.

Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;

Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me!
Even me.

Pass me not! thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord! to thee.
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me!
Even me.

—*Dublin Hymn Book.*

THIS IS PEACE!

"*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee.*"—ISAIAH XXVI. 3.

A MIND at "perfect peace" with God;
Oh, what a word is this!
A sinner reconciled through blood—
This, this indeed is peace!

By nature and by practice far—
How very far from God!
Yet now by grace brought nigh to Him,
Through faith in Jesus' blood.

So nigh, so very nigh to God,
I cannot nearer be;

For, in the person of his Son,
I am as near as He.

So dear, so very dear to God,
More dear I cannot be;
The love wherewith He loves the Son,
Such is His love to me.

Why should I ever careful be,
Since such a God is mine?
He watches o'er me night and day,
And tells me, "Mine is thine."

—*Dublin Hymn Book.*

IT IS FITLY DONE.

"*He hath done all things well.*"—MARK vii. 37.

WHATE'ER God does is fitly done—
To change my evil nature
He gave His Spirit, through His Son,
And formed me a new creature.
His mercy 's sure,
It will endure;
And on this firm foundation
I rest me for salvation.

Whate'er God does is fitly done,
And right His sovereign pleasure;
Since He has made my care His own,
I'll trust His every measure.
He is my God,
Through all my road
He knows how to sustain me,
And for His service train me.

Whate'er God does is fitly done—
He is my guide, defender;
In various forms His care is shown—
To Him my will I render
In joy or woe;
And time will show
How well He has directed,
And all my way protected.

Whate'er God does is fitly done,
And all for wisest reasons;
By best of paths He leads me on,
And at the darkest seasons;
I find His grace
In every place,
And conscious of His keeping,
I change to joy my weeping.

What'er God does is fitly done—
Of this I have assurance;
True He may make my pathway one
Of trial and endurance;
Still I shall share
His loving care—
His circling arms enfold me,
And when I die will hold me.

What'er God does is fitly done—
His cup—shall I refuse it
Because it is a bitter one?
He sees it best—I choose it.
And He at last
Will make me rest
Where duty has no trials,
And needs no self-denials.

DRAWING NEARER TO GOD.

"*Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.*"—ROMANS xiii. 11.

NEARER! Yes! we feel it not
'Mid the rushing of the strife.
As we mourned our changeful lot,
Toiled beneath our shadowed life,

By each step our worn feet trod,
We were drawing near to God.

When the day was all withdrawn,
And we walked in tenfold night;
When we panted for the dawn
Of the ever-blessed Light;
In those hours of darkness dim,
We were drawing near to Him.

When, beneath the sudden stroke,
All our joys of life went down;
When our best-belovèd broke
Earthly bounds to take their crown;
By the upward path they trod,
Nearer drew we to our God.

In those days of bitter woe,
When we saw their smile no more,
When our hearts were bleeding slow,
Stricken! stricken! oh, how sore!
While we lay beneath the rod
We *were* nearer to our God.

When upon our lifted eye
Gleamed a vision of our Home;

When we saw the glory high,
Flooding all that spotless dome;
In that hour of raptured sight,
Pressed we nearer our delight.

Through the long and vanished years,
Doubting, struggling, and depressed
Shrouded with their mists of tears,
We were passing to our rest;
Tempest-tossed and current-driven,
Ever drawing nearer Heaven.

THE LORD'S PRISONER.

"*To bring out the prisoners from the prison.*"—ISAIAH xlii. 7.

A PRISONER of hope,
And even here held in the Lord's embrace,
That, first of heaven's glories, thou may'st see His face,
When Death thy cell shall ope!

The chains of sense and sin
That fetter now thy spirit wear away,
One link, and now another, day by day,
As Jesus "shuts thee in."

The exile homeward bound
Still hasteth, though he groans 'neath mortal load.
The racer sometimes faints along the road,
Before his brows are crowned.

Yet still the Master's breast
Is near when earthly rests are all removed;
His heart beats closest to His own beloved,
When He alone is guest.

In this hushed house of grief,
Where linger still the echoes of their feet
Who bore away our dearest—golden wheat
And flowers in one sheaf—

We patiently would wait
Until we hear the Master's longed-for call;
Until our spirits catch His far foot-fall
This side the city's gate.

Then, gladly and in haste,
As Mary erst, would we arise and fling
The damps and darkness off which ever cling
Where Death's sad lines are traced.

Thou camest, Lord, to free
Poor prisoners, like me, from earthly chains.

My ransom-price is paid. No debt remains
To witness against me.

So when Thy piercèd feet
Draw near my prison-house, straightway the door
Flies open, and with Thee for evermore
I tread the golden street.

L.

THE DISCHARGE.

"*Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.*"—PHIL. iv. 6.

BUSY, inquiring heart, what wouldst thou know?
Why dost thou pry,
And turn, and leer, and with a licorous* eye,
Look high and low;
And in thy lookings stretch and glare?

Hast thou not made thy counts, and summ'd up all?
Did not thy heart
Give up the whole, and with the whole depart?
Let what will fall;
That which is past, who can recall?

* Tempting.

Thy life is God's, thy time to come is gone,
And His is right.
He is thy night at noon ; He is at night
Thy noon alone.
The crop is His, for He hath sown.

And well it was for thee, when this befell,
That God did make
Thy business His, and in thy life partake ;
For thou canst tell,
If it be his once, all is well !

Only the present is thy part and fee,
And happy thou,
If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,
Thou couldst well see
What present things required of thee.

They ask enough ; why shouldst thou further go ?
Raise not the mud
Of future depths, but drink the clear and good.
Dig not for woe
In times to come ; for it will grow.

Man and the present fit ; if he provide,
He breaks the square.

This hour is mine; if for the next I care,
I grow too wide;
And do encroach upon Death's side.

For Death each hour environs and surrounds.
He that would know
And care for future chances, cannot go
Unto those grounds,
But through a church-yard which them bounds.

Things present shrink and die; but they that spend
Their thoughts and sense
On future grief, do not remove it thence,
But it extend;
And draw the bottom out an end.

God chains the dog till night; wilt loose the chain
And wake thy sorrow?
Wilt thou forestall it now, and grieve to-morrow;
And then again
Grieve over freshly all thy pain?

Either grief will not come; or if it must,
Do not forecast;

For while it cometh, it is almost past.
Away distrust!
My God hath promised—He is just!

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE LAMB SLAIN.

"*And they shall see His face.*"—REV. xxii. 4.
"*A Lamb as it had been slain.*"—REV. v. 6.

HAIL! thou Head, so bruised and wounded,
With the crown of thorns surrounded;
Smitten with the mocking reed,
Wounds which may not cease to bleed,
Trickling faint and slow.
Hail! from whose most blessèd brow
None can wipe the blood-drops now;
All the bloom of life has fled,
Mortal paleness there instead;
Thou before whose presence dread,
Angels trembling bow.

All thy vigor and thy life
Fading in this bitter strife;
Death his stamp on thee has set,
Hollow and emaciate,
Faint and drooping there.

Thou this agony and scorn
Hast for me a sinner borne!
Me, unworthy, all for me!
With those wounds of love on thee,
Glorious Face, appear!

Yet in this thine agony,
Faithful Shepherd, think of me.
From whose lips of love divine
Sweetest draughts of life are mine,
Purest honey flows!
All unworthy of thy thought,
Guilty, yet reject me not.
Unto me thy head incline—
Let that dying head of thine
In mine arms repose.

Let me true communion know,
With thee in thy sacred woe;
Counting all beside but dross,
Dying with thee on thy cross:
'Neath it will I die.
Thanks to thee, with every breath,
Jesus, for thy bitter death.
Grant thy guilty one this prayer,
When my dying hour is near.
Gracious God, be nigh!

When my dying hour must be,
Be not absent then from me;
In that dreadful hour, I pray,
Jesus come without delay;
See, and set me free.
When thou biddest me depart,
Whom I cleave to with my heart;
Lover of my soul, be near,
With thy saving Cross appear;
Show thyself to me!

ST. BERNARD.

From Chron. of Schönberg-Cotta Family.
Voice of Chr. Life in Song, 161.

THE FAITHLESS CHRISTIAN.

"*O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?*"—MATT. xiv. 31.

I'M weak—so weak, an infant's clasp
Is mightier than mine to-night.
I fear I ne'er have held aright
The Cross I vainly strive to grasp.

I'm like a reed swayed by the wind!
Ah, sorrow's angel, sad and stern,
Must school the heart so slow to learn!
How long, Lord, must the battle last?

And yet I shrink with sudden chill
From threatened discipline of loss—
My nerveless hands unclasp this cross.
Hopeless, I suffer and lie still.

Until a touch of angel wings,
Or dearer still, my mother's kiss,
Brings near a sense of Heaven's bliss,
With longings deep for holy things.

Dear, patient, interceding Lord,
My Saviour loving after death,
Thy heart of pleading pity saith
Through every opening wound outpoured;

"Oh, child, so ready to mistrust
The love that knows no end or bound,
Must thou into mine every wound
Thy hand so unbelieving thrust?

"What need has thou of doubt and fear?
Those weapons are my foes, not mine.
Glad hope and blessèd trust be thine,
And not the mocking soldier's spear.

"Poor trembling child! I know how weak
Is mortal flesh; for every stroke

That smites thee, on thy Saviour broke,
Before it touched *thy* shrinking cheek.

"And yet so fearful still thou art,
When to unlock thy earthward grasp
I touch, with piercèd hand to clasp
Thee only nearer to my heart!"

O soul, so slow to hear, so dumb,
Unanswering to each tender word!
At last thy deepest heart is stirred—
"Dear Saviour, as a *child* I come!

"No longer with a hireling's dread,
I run to rest within Thine arms.
Life's fiercest storms can never harm
My safely, sweetly sheltered head.

"*Thy* love, not mine! Thy hold so strong,
And not my wavering clasp makes sure
My safety. I can stand secure
Although the strife be hard and long."

L.

HEART, HEART, LIE STILL!

"*I sleep, but my heart waketh.*"—CANT. v. 2.

"HEART, heart, lie still;
Life is fleeting fast,
Strife will soon be past!"
"I cannot lie still,
Beat strong I will!"

"Heart, heart, lie still!
Joy 's but joy, and pain 's but pain,
Either little loss or gain."
"I cannot lie still,
Beat strong I will!"

"Heart, heart, lie still!
Heaven, over all,
Rules this earthly ball."
"I cannot lie still,
Beat strong I will."

"Heart, heart, lie still!
Heaven's sweet grace, alone,
Can keep, in peace, its own."
"Let that me fill
And I am still!"

THY HOMESICK CHILD.

"*Why cannot I follow thee now.*"—JOHN xiii. 37.

HOME, home! dear Father, take thy poor child home,
And let me rest from sin and strife and sorrow.
Lord Jesus, tarry not! Oh, *quickly* come!
Bid me to sleep, to wake in heaven to-morrow.

'T would matter little how severe the pain,
How fierce the mortal struggle, hard the dying;
Once o'er, I ne'er should taste of death again,
Nor sin, nor grieve, in Jesus' bosom lying.

Yet, Lord, Thy holy eyes, which try the soul,
Must see in wretched me such depths of sinning,
That while I hoped my feet were near the goal,
Thou 'dst know me just the race to be beginning.

And so I'd rather leave it *all* to Thee,
One only prayer, dear Saviour Lord, preferring:
Do what thou *will*, I know that 's best for me;
Thy ways, though high and hidden, are unerring.

Yet I would meekly pray Thee that I may
Live ever at Thy feet; Thee thus beholding,
Like Martha's lowly sister, day by day,
I may by sight grow like Thee, still unfolding

Some hidden germs of likeness, which at last
Shall burst to full perfection in the hour
When the long years of seed-time shall be past,
And Thine own hand shall cull Thy perfect flower.

L.

MY GUEST.

"*If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.*"—REV. iii. 20.

I HAVE a wondrous guest,
Who speeds my feet, who moves my hands,
Who strengthens, comforts, guides, commands,
Whose presence gives me rest.

He dwells within my soul;
He swept away the filth and gloom,
He garnished fair the empty room,
And now pervades the whole.

For aye by day and night,
He keeps the portal, suffers naught

Defile the temple he has bought,
And filled with joy and light.

Once 't was a cavern dim;
The home of evil thoughts, desires,
Enkindled by infernal fires,
Without one thought of Him.

Regenerate by His grace,
Still 't is a meagre inn at best,
For heaven's King to make His rest,
And show His glorious face.

Yet Saviour, ne'er depart
From this poor earthly cottage home,
Until the Father bid me come,
Whisp'ring within my heart,

"I shake these cottage walls;
Fear not: at *my* command they bow;
My heavenly mansions open now,
As this poor dwelling falls."

Then my dear wondrous guest
Shall bear me in his own right hand
Unto that far-off Promised Land,
Where I *in Him* shall rest.

L.

"HIMSELF HATH DONE IT."

Isaiah xxxviii. 15.

HIMSELF hath done it all! Oh how those words
Should hush to silence every murmuring thought!
Himself hath done it! He who loves me best!
He who my soul with his own blood hath bought!

Himself hath done it—can it, then, be aught
Than full of wisdom, full of tenderest love?
Not one unneeded sorrow will He send
To teach this wandering heart no more to rove.

Himself hath done it—yea, although severe
May seem the stroke, and bitter be the cup,
'T is his own hand that holds it, and I know
He 'll give me grace to drink it meekly up.

Himself hath done it—Oh! no arm but His
Could e'er sustain, beneath earth's dreary lot.
But while I know He's doing all things well,
My heart his loving kindness questions not.

Himself hath done it—He who searched me through
Sees how I cleave to earth's ensnaring ties,

And so He breaks each reed on which my soul
Too much for peace and happiness relies.

Himself hath done it—He would have me see
What broken cisterns human friends must prove;
That I may turn and quench my burning thirst
At His own fount of ever-living love.

Himself hath done it—then I fain would say,
"Thy will, in all things, evermore be done;"
E'en though that will remove whom best I love,
While Jesus lives, I cannot be alone.

Himself hath done it—precious, precious words!
Himself, my Father, Saviour, Brother, Friend!
Whose faithfulness no variation knows,
Who, having loved me, loves me to the end!

And when, in His eternal presence blest,
I at His feet my crown immortal cast,
I 'll gladly own, with all his ransomed host,
Himself hath done it all from first to last!

VIA DOLOROSA.

"*And they took Jesus and led him away. And he, bearing his cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew, Golgotha.*"—JOHN xix. 16, 17.

WHILE I pace the narrow street
Trodden once by weary feet,
Where Emanuel bore the cross,
Where my gain became his loss;
Teach me, Saviour, there to be
Truer follower of Thee!

From these gloomy walls of stone
Hear I yet that suffering groan;
Echoes still the taunting jeer,
Laugh of scorn to find Thee here.
Blinded hearts! oh, darkened eyes!
Could ye so my Lord despise?

Not for Thee that cross was borne,
Not for sin of Thine the scorn;
All that on Thy head was laid,
From the hour that hate betrayed,
Till they nailed Thee to the tree,
Thou didst bear alone *for me*.

'T was for me that brow was torn
By the cruel crown of thorn;
'T was for me those nails were driven;
'T was for me that side was riven;
All Thy wounds but wounds of love,
All, Thy mercy but to prove.

Who, within this darkened way,
Would not, Saviour, long to stay;
Finding every heartstring move,
Touched by Thine own hand of love;
And as memory pours its tide,
Pressing closer to Thy side.

Pacing still the narrow street,
Trodden once by weary feet;
Looking forward to the crown,
Fain to lay this burden down;
With Thine aid, oh! may I be
Truer follower of Thee. G. SHARPE.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"*Our Father who art in heaven,*" *etc.*—MATT. vi. 9–13.

IF any be distressed, and fain would gather
Some comfort, let him haste unto
Our Father;

For we of hope and help are quite bereaven
Except Thou succour us
Who art in heaven!

Thou showest mercy, therefore for the same
We praise Thee! singing,
Hallowed be Thy name!
Of all our miseries cast up the sum;
Show us Thy joys, and let
Thy kingdom come!

We mortal are, and alter from our birth;
Thy will be done on earth.
Thou mad'st the earth, as well as planets seven,
Thy name be blessed here
As 't is in heaven!

Nothing we have to use or debts to pay,
Except thou give it us.
Give us this day
Wherewith to clothe us, wherewith to be fed,
For without Thee, we want
Our daily bread.

We want—but want no faults, for no day passes
But we do sin—
Forgive us our trespasses.

No man from sinning ever free did live.
Forgive us, Lord, our sins!
As we forgive.

If we repent our faults, Thou ne'er disdainest us;
We pardon them
That trespass against us;
Forgive us that is past, a new path tread us;
Direct us always in Thy faith,
And lead us—

We, Thine own people, and Thy chosen nation,
Into all truth, but
Not into temptation.
Thou that of all good graces art the Giver,
Suffer us not to wander,
But deliver

Us from the fierce assaults of world, and Devil,
And flesh, so shalt thou free us
From all evil.
To these petitions let both Church and laymen,
With one consent of heart and voice, say
Amen!

BEARING THE CROSS.

"*These are they which came out of great tribulation.*"—Rev. vii. 14.

KNOW'ST thou to whom the whitest robes are given—
Who stand the nearest to His throne in heaven?
These are they, from every land and nation,
Who entered there thro' greatest tribulation.

Canst thou, then, in sinful, vain repining,
Still wish thy sun should be for ever shining?
Thy sad gaze on earthly pleasures fastening—
Shrinking before the Father's loving chastening?

Seem'st it that the cross thou now art bearing,
Is heavier than thou seest others wearing?
Where is the love that could for ever make
Thy cross but light, when borne for His dear sake?

If in thy sky have risen clouds of sorrow,
Tears fall to-day, nor hope points to the morrow;
If on thy frame Disease his hand hath pressed,
And morn brings no relief, and night no rest?

Yet receive thou all but as an earnest,
Of that eternal peace for which thou yearnest!

The weary, only, claim the promised rest,
The Father chasteneth "whom he loveth best."

No longer murmur at thine earthly losses,
No more compare thine own with others' crosses;
Let smiles of joy break through thy tears of weeping,
The Father hath thee in His gracious keeping.

Through waters of affliction, waves of sorrow,
Where Jesus walks before, wilt thou not follow?
Would'st linger 'mid the smooth stones of the stream,
Where never foot-print of thy Lord hath been?

Oh, favored one! thy cross press closer to thee;
With humble thanks, for that He thinks thee worthy
E'en to *taste* His cup, and in His baptism share,
And for a little while His blood-stained cross to bear!

Soon Jesus' welcome summons thou shalt hear;
"Rise, let us go hence!" then, stay'd the falling tear,

Low at His feet thy cross thou shalt lay down,
And from His hand receive the eternal crown!

K.

CHRISTIAN ASPIRATIONS.

"*Where is Abel, thy brother?*"—GEN. iv. 9.

MUST I my brother keep,
And share his pains and toil;
And weep with those that weep,
And smile with those that smile;
And act to each a brother's part,
And feel his sorrows in my heart?

Must I his burden bear
As though it were my own;
And do as I would care
Should to myself be done;
And faithful to his interests prove,
And as myself my neighbor love?

Must I reprove his sin;
Must I partake his grief;
And kindly enter in
And minister relief;
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
And love Him, not in word, but deed?

Then Jesus, at thy feet,
A student let me be;
And learn, as it is meet,
My duty, Lord, of Thee;
For Thou did'st come on mercy's plan,
And all thy life, was *Love* to man.

Oh! make me as Thou art,
Thy spirit Lord bestow;
The kind and gentle heart,
That feels another's woe.
That thus, I may be like my Head,
And in my Saviour's footsteps tread.

WEARINESS.

"*Lord, I am oppressed! undertake for me.*"—Is. xxxviii. 14.

LORD! with a very tired mind,
I seek Thy face;
Thy shadowing wing alone can be
My resting-place.
O let the everlasting arms
Around me thrown,
My secret sanctuary be
From ills unknown.

Thou knowest, Lord, the hidden cross
None else may see;
For thou appointest every grief
That chastens me!
And I may plead with Thee, my God,
For patient strength,
That this Thy discipline of love
Bear fruit at length.

I need not fear to tell Thee all,
My Heavenly Friend—
Of conflict, longing, vague unrest,
Thou sett'st the end.
And Thou wilt lead my weary feet
From world-worn ways,
Through paths of everlasting peace,
To calmer days.

Lord! dwell within my heart, and fill
Its emptiness;
Set Thou its hope above the reach
Of earthliness;
Baptize its love, through suffering,
Into Thine own,
And work in me a faith that rests
On Christ alone. A. S. K.

ZION, FOLLOW NOT!

"*Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good.*"—1 PET. iii. 13.

ZION, follow not!
Follow not the siren world,
Though in golden colors flaunting,
All her banners be unfurled.
Heed not promises or taunting;
God shall choose thy earthly lot.
Zion, follow not!

Zion, hold thou fast!
Suffer on, and be thou strong;
Shrink not from the world's low scorning,
Soon thou 'lt sing the deathless song.
Hark! the trumpet of the morning—
Satan shall be bound at last.
Zion, hold thou fast!

Zion, try the right!
Prove each spirit by the Word;
Follow thou no mortal leader,
Keep thine eye upon the Lord;
Christ thine advocate and pleader,
He shall bring thee to the light.
Zion, try the right!

Zion, onward still!
Forward, upward, in the race;
Let thy light, in fullness bursting,
Shine on every darkened place;
Thee, for living waters thirsting
Purer than Siloam's rill.
Zion, onward still!

Zion, persevere!
Loyal to thy King on high;
Let not sloth or languor find thee.
Up! redemption draweth nigh;
Up! th' avenger hastes behind thee;
Forward! for the end is near.
Zion, persevere!

FROM THE GERMAN.

CHRISTIAN PATIENCE.

"*In your patience possess ye your souls.*"—LUKE xxi. 19.

IN steadfast patience, day by day,
Lord, lead me on my destined way;
That way is cold, and dark, and drear,
Yet be it so—I know no fear.

In patience! Doubts and cares perplex,
And daily troubles daily vex;

This heart grows sad with grief and fears,
These eyes grow dim with unshed tears.

To day the hosts of sin assail;
To-day their arms almost prevail!
Poor heart! resist with utmost strength,
God's own to-morrow comes at length.

Patience! the griefs and toils we bear,
The wrongs we right, the foes we dare,
Each trusting act, each loving word,
Is known and noted by our Lord.

He bids us wait "a little while"—
Not long or lone; his tender smile
Beams over all our toilsome way,
And lights with joy this drear to-day.

It is enough! We wait, O Lord!
Thy gracious hour, Thy faithful word;
The hour that brings our soul's release,
The word that crowns our toils with peace.

COMFORT IN THE LORD.

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem."—ISAIAH lxvi. 13.

"YE shall be comforted!" As when a sobbing child
Within its mother's arms, its griefs confessed,
By her caresses fond unconsciously beguiled
From memories of pain, soon sinks to rest!

"*So will I comfort you.*" Dear Lord, our hearts are sore!
We would be little children once again,
But childhood would bring back the griefs we knew of yore,
And not the mother who caressed us then!

We need a stronger love; we seek a deeper rest—
Whose type and earnest we once knew in this;
The nestling of the child upon its mother's breast,
The sweet dreams won us by her good-night kiss.

Lord, grant us restful sleep, untroubled, sweet and calm;
Not fitful slumbers in life's fevered dream.

Oh seal our weary eyelids with Thy touch of balm;
Not to re-ope until the Great Day's gleam.

And yet we are such children—foolish, weak, and blind—
That while we pray for sleep, Thy gentle hand
May change the calming cup, and, far more wise and kind,
Give needed bitterness, with this command:

"Drink, child! Thy Father's love shall make the unsought draught
Sweet to thy soul, though bitter to thy lips.
Think how for thee thy gracious Elder Brother quaffed
The cup of anguish 'neath my Love's eclipse."

Ah, Father! whatsoe'er Thy children truly need
Thou givest—not whatever we beseech.
Often we rashly think Thy pity gives no heed,
When still Thou holdest what we asked for out of reach.

But when the long, hard lesson we have learned at length,
And with unmurmuring meekness we receive

The cup whose bitter draught gives new and
mighty strength,
We own Thy faithful love and no more grieve,

But rest in patient hope, although Thou long with-
hold
The chalice, death and life-brimmed, chrismal
seal
Of conquest, at whose touch the gates of pearl
unfold
And all the golden city's bliss reveal.

We only wait as minors, till the glad birthday
Shall crown us kings before our Father's throne;
As exile princes now, although so far away,
We look unto the land we call our own.

Yet, comfortless as orphans Thou dost never make
Thine own. Who trust in Thee, Thou 'lt keep
in peace;
And when our night-time comes, Thou 'lt bid us
sleep to wake
Where every sob is hushed and sorrows cease.

L.

THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD.

"*He abideth faithful.*"—2 Tim. ii. 13.

I, WHO so oft in deep distress
And bitter grief must dwell,
Will now my God with gladness bless,
And all His mercies tell;
Oh hear me then, my God and King!
While of Thy holy name I sing,
Who doest all things well.

Our fathers who are now no more
Have praised Thee in their day;
They taught their children oft of yore
The wonders of Thy way.
Our children shall not rest, and still
They shall not all the measure fill,
Nor all exhaust the lay.

To Thee how many thankful songs
Have gone up ere my days,
And yet to me a part belongs
In that great hymn of praise.
I too must tell Thy wondrous might,
And praise Thy covenant just and right,
And Thine all-conquering grace.

And many a pious heart shall learn
The songs I make to Thee,
For o'er the stars that yonder burn
Shall rise our harmony;
Thy majesty, Thy mighty hand,
Shall be revealed to every land,
And all Thy goodness see!

For who is gracious, Lord, as Thou?
Who hath so much forgiven?
Who still to us would pitying bow
Who thus with grace have striven?
For lost in sins the whole world lies;
Her ceaseless crimes would scale the skies,
And cry aloud to Heaven.

Yes, it must be a faithful heart
That thus can love us still,
Who oft reject the better part,
And thankless, choose the ill;
But God can be naught else but good,
And therefore doth His mercies flood—
All things with blessings fill.

For this, the works that Thou hast made,
We thank Thee and rejoice;

Thy saints shall bless Thee for Thine aid,
And make Thy ways their choice;
And tell abroad from hour to hour
Thy glorious rule, Thy kingdom's power,
With far-resounding voice.

Yes, they shall praise it, till its fame
Through all the world shall ring,
And all men learn to know Thy name,
And gifts and service bring;
Eternal is Thy glorious throne,
Thy rule is like Thyself alone,
O just, Eternal King!

And yet in death, or pain, or loss,
The Lord is with us all;
Lightens the pressure of the cross,
Upholds us when we fall;
He stems the swelling tide of woes,
And when we sink beneath its blows
He comes, ere yet we call.

All eyes do wait on Thee, O Lord!
Who keepest us from dearth,
Who scatterest rich supplies abroad
For all the wants of earth;

Thou openest oft Thy bounteous hand,
And all in sea and air and land
Are fill'd with food and mirth.

Thy thoughts are good, and Thou art kind,
E'en when we think it not;
How many an anxious, faithless mind
Sits grieving o'er its lot,
And frets and pines by day and night,
As God had lost it out of sight
And all its wants forgot!

Ah, no! God ne'er forgets His own,
His heart is far too true;
He ever seeks their good alone,
His love is daily new;
And though thou deem that things go ill,
Yet He is just and holy still
In all things He can do.

The Lord is ever close and near
To those who keep His word;
Whene'er they cry to Him in fear,
Their prayer is surely heard;
He knoweth well who loves Him well,
His love shall yet their clouds dispel,
And grant the hope deferred.

To those who love Him He denies
No good thing that they seek;
He sees their sorrows, counts their sighs
And hearkens when they speak,
And surely frees them from their woes;
But those that hate Him He o'erthrows,
And makes their boastings weak.

Yet this is but a little part
Of what I fain would sing;
But daily shall my voice and heart
New thanks and praises bring;
Oh, help me! all that live and move,
Help me to speak His faithful love,
And praise our glorious King!

PAUL GERHARDT.—1606–1676.

THE SURE FOUNDATION.

"*The foundation of God standeth sure.*"—2 TIM. ii. 19.

THE Lord's foundation standeth sure,
His grace unchanging shall endure,
When heaven and earth are fled;
The Lord his chosen ones doth seal,
Until the day of Christ reveal,
Those by His spirit led.

E'en in the seven-fold furnace glow,
Of sorest grief and sternest woe,
They are not left alone;
No harm they feel, no fiery flame,
For One is there of blessed name—
Christ walketh with His own!

Oh, fainting soul! be not dismayed,
The piercèd hand is on thee laid,
The Master toucheth thee;
"Be strong, beloved, fear thou not,
Stand fast in thine appointed lot,
And thou shall victor be!"

When, in temptations' evil day,
Our feet are wandering from the way,
Oh lead us to the Rock!
Speak, Lord, and bid our hearts be strong;
Say, when the hosts of Satan throng,
"Fear not, my little flock!"

"Fear not!" It is the Shepherd's word;
His mighty arm with strength shall gird
The weakest of the flock!
Believer! rest in this secure,
The Lord's foundation standeth sure,
Though earth's foundations rock!

A. S. K.

EVEN IN SARDIS.

"*Thou hast a few names even in Sardis, which have not defiled their garments, and they shall walk with me in white: for they are worthy.*"—Rev. iii. 4.

WHITE robes among earth's filthy rags,
And trustful hearts and tireless feet
That walk in heavenly whiteness, while
They yet do tread Life's dusty street.

Souls climbing still the thorny path
With heavenward eyes and faces bright,
Uncaring for the rugged way,
So they but keep their garments white.

White robes in Sardis! noble names
Graven on God's fair roll of Life!
Of soldiers steadfast at their posts,
Who fight unflinching through the strife!

Oh, faithful few! who cling till Death
To Him who holds the palm and crown—
Seeking no worldly fame, nor wreath;
Heedless of earthly smile or frown.

O Saviour! Thou who walkest still
Amidst the candlesticks of gold;

Whose own right hand the seven stars
Both now and evermore doth hold—

We have not overcome the world!
Thy words ring out 'midst cares and mirth,
"When comes again the Son of man
Shall He find faith upon the earth?"

Grant us, dear Christ! white Sardis hearts—
To cleave to Thee when all forsake;
To love Thee for Thyself, and all
The world as only for Thy sake.

And facing thus the deadly foe,
With banner of Thy cross unfurled,
We may fulfill Thy last behest,
"Be in." yet not "be of the world."

Thus battling ever in Thy strength
Both foes without and foes within,
We may be conquerors at length
And many a trophy for Thee win.

Oh. keep us, when we struggle hard
From trusting to our courage tried;
Help us to make our only boast
In our dear Leader glorified;

Teach us to labor, wrestle, pray,
To walk in love, in God's own light;
Thus *living* 'mong the Sardis dead,
Be clad each day in spotless white.

"Even in Sardis," walking thus;
Then whensoe'er Thy summons be,
We may uplift our joyful hands,
And go to walk in white with Thee!

L.

I WILL GIVE THEE REST.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi. 28.

"AND *I* will give you rest!"
The gracious Saviour to my weary soul
Doth promise rest—for which I've sought in vain.
I've tried the world—its promises are false!
Riches may make them wings and flee away;
But Thou, my Saviour! full of grace and truth,
Almighty and all-merciful to save,
Thy love alone this aching void can fill.

"And I *will* give you rest!"
Then, Lord! Thy promise I can never doubt;
For all Thy words are sure, and my tried soul
Will rest on this assurèd hope, and fix
My trust, my joy, my confidence in Thee.
For heaven and earth may pass away, nor yet
One jot or tittle of Thy sovereign will
Shall pass away, till all shall be fulfilled.

"And I will *give* you rest!"
Then, Lord, I come! though in my hand I bear
No price to buy, no merit to deserve.
How rich the gift! unmerited as free,
So rich that all the world does not contain
Treasure enough to purchase such a gift;
So undeserved that my poor sinful soul
Is lost in wonder, gratitude, and love.

"And I will give *you* rest!"
Thou knowest, Lord! how much that rest I need;
For my poor soul is weary with the strife
Of sins within, temptations from without,
Whose fierce contentions none but Thou canst quell.
And is this promise *mine*, and can I hope
That one so vile and sinful as I am
May claim this precious promise as my own?

"And I will give you *rest!*"
No more shall gloomy doubts beset my mind,
No longer will I seek from carnal things
That peace and joy the world can never give;
To Thee alone, my Saviour! will I look.
Receive my heart, unworthy though it be,
This only sacrifice I dare to bring;
Take it, O Lord! and seal it for Thine own.

HE WILL LEAD THEE ON.

"*The Lord shall guide thee continually*"—Is. lviii. 11.

LEAD thee! God is himself thy Friend and Father;
He will not fail.
Darkness and storm upon thy path may gather;
Christ rules the gale.
And watching worlds of light, in choral lay,
Sing the near dawn of thy redemption day.

One step at once, revealed in His clear seeing!
Bid doubt be gone.
It is enough! see, mist and gloom are fleeing!
On, pilgrim, on!
His presence, with thee, sheds its circling ray;
'Tis Christ—*His* dear companionship is day.

Yes; grace has marked the plan, marks all thy going,
And "leads thee on,"
And makes thee joyful in its gradual showing,
Till life is done;
And life's perplexities and woes and gloom
Retire as angels triumph round thy tomb.

BE YE ALSO PATIENT

"*Be ye also patient.*"—JAMES v. 8.

BESIDE the toilsome way,
Lowly and sad, by fruits and flowers unblest,
Which my worn feet tread sadly, day by day,
Longing in vain for rest.

An angel softly walks,
With pale, sweet face, and eyes cast meekly down;
The while from withered leaves and flowerless stalks
She weaves my fitting crown.

A sweet and patient grace;
A look of firm endurance, true and tried;
Of suffering meekly borne, rests on her face,
So pure, so glorified.

And when my fainting heart
Desponds and murmurs at its adverse fate,
Then quietly the angel's bright lips part,
Murmuring softly, "wait."

"Patience," she sweetly saith,
"The Father's mercies never come too late;
Gird thee with patient strength and trusting faith,
And firm endurance.—Wait."

Angel, behold! I wait!
Wearing the thorny crown through all life's hours,
Wait till thy hand shall ope the eternal gate,
And change the thorns to flowers.

REJOICING IN THE LORD.

"*Yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.*"—MATT. iii. 18.

THOUGH the fig tree may not blossom,
When spring returns;
Though the vine its red fruit casting,
Fill not our urns;
Though the wealth we 've toiled to gather
Take wings away;
And our dreams of splendor vanish
At dawn of day;

Though the arm of flesh we 've leaned on
Fail us in death ;
And the tender ones we 've cherished
Pass like a breath ;
Holy Father ! though " Thou slay us,"
Yet will we trust ;
For we know Thy ways are holy,
Tender and just.
As a loving father pities
Each suffering child,
So hast Thou in sweet compassion
On us smiled.
What we know not now, for darkness,
Thou wilt reveal,
When before Thy Lamb in glory
Spotless we kneel.

THE PILGRIM AT HEAVEN'S GATE.

" I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment."—ZECH. iii. 4.

MY Robe of Life is travel-worn
And dusty with the dusty way
It beareth marks of many a storm,
It beareth marks of many a fray ;

The morning shower, the damp night-dews,
Have left their dark discoloring hues.

My robe of life is scorched and burnt
By madly rushing through the fires,
Where sternest teachings I have learnt
From passionate and fell desires;
Yet not without the loss of chaste
White innocence, no more replaced.

My robe of life is blood-besprent;
For though I never raised the knife
To smite my brother's breast, I 've sent
A sharper steel through his soul's life,
And made his heart to bleed, by deep
And angry words that murdered sleep.

My robe of life is tear-bedewed—
Tears wrung from mine and others' eyes—
That I so oft have shunned the good,
That ever round us, God, sent-lies;
And tears by deeper anguish forced,
From consciousness of virtue lost.

My robe of life is sin-bespotted,
And much bewrayed by anxious care;
And here and there grown thin, and rotted
Away by too much wear and tear,
And torn by thorny thickets, when
Through them, I sought the road again.

My robe of life at first was fair
And spotless as the driven snow;
'T was flung around me gently there
Where spirits first from heaven do go;
And white and clean, it seemed to be
A type of God's own purity.

O angel! at the heavenly gate
How can I hope to enter, when
At that high portal, lone and late,
At closing eve I come again,
After my life-day spent and past,
With this worn life-robe round me cast?

I hear a voice, that, soft and low,
Bids me to Him, my Saviour, fly;
And He will cleanse as white as snow,
Or whitest wool, this robe and I

From Him a wedding-robe shall have
When this is mouldering in the grave.

A wedding-garment, brighter far
Than that I did at first receive;
Brighter than gleam of silvery star,
My Saviour, Christ, to me will give;
And flinging off life's robe, will I
Put on my immortality.

CHRIST'S DEATH OUR LIFE.

"*Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth; Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.*"—Rom. viii. 33, 34.

FROM whence this fear and unbelief,
If God, my Father, put to grief
His spotless Son for me?
Can He, the righteous Judge of men,
Condemn me for that debt of sin,
Which, Lord, was charged on Thee?

Complete atonement Thou hast made,
And to the utmost farthing paid
Whate'er Thy people owed;

How, then, can wrath *on me* take place
If sheltered in Thy righteousness
And sprinkled by Thy blood?

If Thou hast my discharge procured,
And freely in my place endured
The whole of wrath divine,
Payment, God will not *twice* demand:
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then *again* at mine!

Turn, then, my soul! unto thy rest;
The merits of thy great High Priest
Speak peace and liberty;
Trust in His efficacious blood,
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus died for thee.

—*Dublin Hymn Book.*

OUR SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

"*Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin.*"
HEB. xii. 4.

DEAR Lord! Thou knowest oftentimes
I wonder if so faint a strife
Be strife at all. The inner life
Is lulled by far-off fairy chimes

So willingly. The rainbow gleam
Of by-gone happiness and tears,
The opening vista of the years,
The memory sad, the happy dream,

Throng the recesses of my heart.
They haunt with almost ghostly sway
The sunny hours of the day,
And just at even-tide depart.

And yet, and yet, Thou still dost stand,
While one who bears Thy precious name
Thus puts Thee to an open shame,
Piercing the nail-prints in Thy hand.

Ah, patient Lord! I scarce can brook
The thought of my ingratitude,
When, after my denials rude,
Thou turnest with Thy melting look.

So full of untold tenderness,
And yet of wondrous, wondering grief—
As if it were beyond belief—
Thou turnest, ready still to bless

Thy sinful, wayward, worthless child.
Thou knowest how my love grows cold!

Close to thy pitying heart, oh hold
The heart so oft by earth beguiled!

Here! Lord, I pray Thee, enter in
Thy temple gates, and with a scourge
Drive out this earthly traffic, purge
Thy house of fellowship with sin.

Set Thine own angel with a sword
To guard Thy house, "the house of prayer,"
And seal each creature entering there
With "Holiness unto the Lord!"

L.

WRESTLING JACOB.

"*Tell me, I pray thee, thy name.*"—Gen. xxxii. 29.

COME, O thou traveler unknown!
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am;
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hath called me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there;

But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold.
Art thou the man that died for me,
The secret of thy love t' unfold?
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now, resolved I am;
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

What tho' my shrinking flesh complain
And murmur to contend so long,
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong;
And when my all of strength shall fail
I shall with the God-man prevail.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;

Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer;
Speak! or thou never hence shall move;
And tell me if thy name be Love.

'T is Love! 't is Love! thou died'st for me!
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art!
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face;
I see thee, face to face, and live;
In vain I have not wept and strove,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

I know thee, Saviour, who thou art—
Jesus, the feeble sinners Friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

The sun of righteousness on me
  Hath risen, with healing on his wings
Withered my nature's strength; from thee
  My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above—
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh
  I halt till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
  On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move—
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey;
  Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome,
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
  And as a bounding hart fly home;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Ch. Wesley

DE PROFUNDIS.

"*Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord!*"—Ps. cxxx. 1.

THE night is chill, my hands are very weary,
  Yet through the darkness to Thy cross I cling;

O Thou who suffered there! Redeemer, Saviour!
Cast me not off, a weak and guilty thing!

I see Thy ransomed ones still upward treading
The slender bridge, which spans the gulf we dread;
I see the golden gates yet backward swinging;
The fiery sword is flashing o'er *my* head.

Once, I believed my garment washed and whitened,
When first I knelt before Thy cross and Thee;
Now, torn and soiled, my nakedness revealing,
There is no semblance left of purity!

Heal me and take me! Thou hast purchased dearly
Thy ransomed ones from out the Tempter's hand;
One drop of blood that falls from off Thy forehead
Shall buy my freedom, and I rescued stand.

Though clouded oft, Thy sun shines on for ever;
I know Thy grace and glory are divine;
I need divinity to give me succor,
There is no arm to save but only Thine!

Bare then that arm! O Helper and Restorer!
Satan is clutching me from off my hold!

Snatch me, a smoking brand, from out the burning.
Thine be the glory, as in days of old.

SEEKING GOD'S LOVE.

"*Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loveth much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.*"—LUKE vii. 47.

MASTER, I come to Thee,
Unworthy though I am, to bathe Thy feet with tears!
My heart of sorrow see,
And speak Thy word of peace to drive away my fears.

Thou knowest all my heart;
Its human cravings, which Thy love has still denied,
The bitter tears that start
Sometimes impatiently o'er hopes unsatisfied.

And even worse than this,
The dull ingratitude and heartless unbelief,
That even 'neath Thy kiss
Of pardoning peace, would turn and put Thy soul to grief.

Oh, sin is very strong;
And I am still so wavering and so prone to sin!
Lord! make me hate the wrong,
And make it very bitter by Thy discipline.

Though angels high in Heaven
Should say, "This sinner is not fit, our Lord, to touch;"
"To whom is *much* forgiven,"
Thou said'st of Magdalen, "that sinner loveth much."

O Lord! I thank Thy grace
That made me not an angel, but a struggling saint;
That, with the weary race,
Gave also strength and courage to the weak and faint,

I thank Thee, that I may
Not only once, like her of old at Simon's feast,
But every weary day,
Bring every sorrow, from the greatest to the least;

Yet help me, Lord, to bring
Not only tears and kisses to Thy piercèd feet;
But while I weep and sing,
Oh may I offer, too, the costly ointment sweet.

THERE IS YET HOPE.

"*I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep.*"—1 Thess. iv. 13.

LIFE'S load is heavy, and we bow
Beneath its burden wearily,
But shall we faint in weakness, now
That *One* is free?

Life's way is dark, the clouds of woe
Vail the faint star-beams from our sight,
Yet pass we onward, for we know
One is in light!

Life's course is long, our weary hearts
Pant for the goal, with toil distressed,
Yet strength the blessèd thought imparts,
One is at rest!

Life's pains are sharp; the aching head
Seeks a short hour of rest in vain;
Yet on one brow repose is shed,
One has no pain!

Life's dreary waste is wild and rude,
And shelterless our footsteps roam,
Yet is our fainting strength renewed;
One is at home!

Life's wants are fierce; from burning thirst
No stream our spirits may restore;
One dwells where living fountains burst
And thirsts no more.

Life's conflict thickens; from the strife,
Wounded and worn, we seek release;
But the rude warfare still is rife.
One is in peace!

Life's ills are piercing; wild the woe
Fills the lone heart by grief oppressed;
Yet, midst our tears, 't is bliss to know
That *One* is blest!

SONG OF MERCY.

"*Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us.*"—TITUS iii. 5.

THIS even-tide, no loving deeds
Of mine have grateful incense sent
To Him, whose waiting face is bent
Above His golden censer,
While He intercedes.

The golden vials have out-poured
Their precious odors, dear High Priest!

Of all the myriad drops, the least
Was that ascended from
My heart, O patient Lord!

Oh, how canst Thou accept in Heaven,
Such worthless service, feeble love,
So slow its little life to prove—
Except as *slumbering* proved
The sorrowful Eleven!

Saviour, I shrink my prayers to bring;
My faith is loth to grasp Thy word,
And hope is like a wounded bird,
That scarcely can be made
To try its broken wing.

"My child! I know it better far
Than thou canst tell me; I have seen
Thy long day's toil; I know how keen
The sufferings of thy life
Of weary wrestling are.

"Press closer to my wounded side,
My child! Remember that in me,
All mine are justified and free.
Thou mayest make thy boast
In me, the Crucified!

"Not for their faithful, fervent prayers,
Are any saved! For love that burns
Are none accepted. Each one turns
From self and lays his hand
Upon the Lamb who bears

"The sins of failure, as of guilt.
Fear not! Whom I, the Lord, do choose
I often scourge; but *never* lose
One poor, weak, wayward lamb,
For whom my blood was spilt!"

L.

MY CROSS.

"*If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.*"—LUKE ix. 23.

IT is not heavy, agonizing woe,
Bearing me down with hopeless, crushing weight,
No ray of comfort in the gathering gloom,
A heart bereaved, a household desolate.

It is not sickness, with her withering hand,
Keeping me low upon a couch of pain,
Longing each morning for the weary night—
At night, for weary day to come again.

It is not poverty with chilling blast,
The sunken eye, the hunger-wasted form;
The dear ones perishing for lack of bread,
With no safe shelter from the winter's storm.

It is not slander, with her evil tongue;
'T is no "presumptuous sin" against my God;
Not reputation lost, or friends betrayed;
That such is not my lot, I thank my God.

Mine is a daily cross, of petty cares,
Of little duties pressing on my heart,
Of little troubles hard to reconcile,
Of inward struggles, overcome in part.

My feet are weary in their daily rounds,
My heart is weary of its daily care,
My sinful nature often doth rebel—
I pray for grace my daily cross to bear.

It is not heavy, Lord, yet oft I pine;
It is not heavy, yet 't is everywhere;
By day and night each hour my cross I bear;
I dare not lay it down—Thou keep'st it there.

I dare not lay it down. I only ask
That, taking up my daily cross, I may—
Follow my Master humbly, step by step,
Through clouds and darkness unto perfect day.

—*N. Y. Observer.*

ENCOURAGEMENT.

"*Discouraged because of the way.*"—Num. xxi. 4.

OH, weary murmuring soul!
Longing in secret for the Lord's release,
Impatient for thy pilgrimage to cease,
While yet far from the goal,

This strengthening word of cheer—
A sunbeam gladdening earth's lone desert-waste,
"*He that believes on me shall not make haste*—"
Falls on thy listening ear.

Earth's laborers may repine
When tardy nightfall lengthens out the day;
Their weary eyes may chide the long delay,
But, oh my soul! not thine.

They may despond, but Thou,
The servant, nay the *child* of God, the heir

Of glory everlasting, should'st thou wear
Such gloom upon Thy brow?

Thy wistful glances trace
The nearer path to Heaven which some have trod—
The path baptizèd by their tears and blood,
Who ran the martyr's race.

And could'st thou fearless drink
That cup of mortal agony and woe;
'Neath the dread terror of the sev'ring blow
Would flesh nor spirit shrink?

Presumptuous, sinful thought!
E'en now thou faintest, when thine eager lips
Find sorrow in joy's cup. One hour's eclipse
Of light to thee is fraught

With sorrow and dismay;
And could'st thou walk serene through Death's dark vale,
Would not thy footsteps falter, spirit fail,
Without one gladdening ray?

Nay! Leave to God, all-wise,
The ordering of thy path. Be thine alone

The earnest care to walk as He hath shown,
With heaven-directed eyes!
Firm to the end, endure!
Seest not the glorious crown hung at the goal?
Fear not! In patient strength possess thy soul;
God's promise standeth sure!

L.

FEARS OVERCOME BY FAITH.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I flee away and be at rest."—Iv. 6.

WHEN shall I be at rest? my trembling heart
Grows weary with its burden, sickening still
With hope deferred. Oh that it were Thy will
To loose my bonds, and take me where Thou art!

When shall I be at rest? my eyes grow dim
With straining through the gloom, I scarce can see
The way-marks that my Saviour left for me;
Would it were morn and I were safe with Him.

When shall I be at rest? Hand over hand
I grasp and climb an ever steeper hill,
A rougher path. Oh that it were Thy will
My tired feet might tread the Promised Land!

Oh that I were at rest? a thousand fears
Come thronging o'er me lest I fail at last.
Would I were safe, all toil and danger past,
And Thine own hand might wipe away my tears!

Oh that I were at rest! like some I love,
Whose last fond looks drew half my life away,
Seeming to plead that either they might stay
With me on earth, or I with them above.

But why these murmurs? Thou did'st never shrink
From any toil or weariness for me,
Not even from that last deep agony.
Shall I beneath my little trials sink?

No, Lord! for when I am indeed at rest,
One taste of that deep bliss will quite efface
The sternest memories of my earthly race,
Save but to swell the sense of being blest.

Then lay on me whatever cross I need
To bring me there. I know thou canst not be
Unkind, unfaithful, or untrue to me!
Shall I not toil for Thee, when Thou for me did'st bleed.

HERE AND HEREAFTER.

"*They shall call his name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted, is, God with us.*"—MATT. i. 23.
"*As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us.*"—JOHN xvii. 21.

HERE, Thou art *with us*, blest Emmanuel!
Our sympathizing, ever-present Friend.
Both here and after here, it still is well
With Thy Belovèd, e'en tho' heartstrings rend.
Yet here our hearts are often stricken mute:
We think, in our dumb anguish, they must break.
God knows the hidden sweetness of His lute,
Tightens the chords; then bids the music wake.
Ah, *there*, in that Hereafter long and blest,
Dwells He with us! Nay, more! we dwell in Him.
The shattered tabernacle hath its rest
Beneath the temple's shadowing cherubim.
So, friends who love me, when the last good-bye
Dies on my lips, be glad for me, and swell
Sweet holy psalms to waft my soul on high
To rest in my sweet home, Emmanuel!

L.

THE SHADOW ON THE WAY.

"*The angel of the Lord stood in the way.*"—Num. xxii. 22.

LIGHTED by daylight mild and fair,
I see my path a little way;
There is no fairy brightness there,
But the blue skies of quiet day—
The morning light, the common air,
Are over it alway.

I have my griefs, I have my fears—
Share of the storms that come to all;
But the strong arm of love upbears
My heart, whate'er befall.
My soul is prodigal of hope,
My life doth sit and watch intent
To see some special blessings drop
Whence all good things are sent.
Yea, of such wishes, giant-strong,
Some one or two lay hands on me;
Hard would the combat be, and long,
My heart from their close grasp to free,
Even though God's voice the strife among,
Sent its last call to me.

O quiet days! O gentle life!
O love, most dear and kind of all!
Mercy and hope, and blessings rife,
Make shadows slow to fall.
Yet sometimes clouds, a frowning line,
Will steal across those kindly skies;
And now and then some tears of mine,
Under this fair and soft sunshine,
Make rainbows to mine eyes.

I see my path a little way,
Unburdened upon any hand;
And smiles of April's coming day
Steal, gleaming, o'er the land.
What is it, then, amid this light,
That stands upon the road afar,
Both in the day and through the night,
Outwatching every star?
A thing of dimness and of shade,
The hidden face I cannot see;
But only feel my steps waylaid,
And know he waits for me.

No voice, nor speech, nor any sound,
Comes through the softening air of spring,

No forward footsteps o'er the ground
On the still echoes ring.
No haste!—O heaven! faint grows my heart
To see the calm of this sure fate;
We haste on our uncertain part,
But God's fixed will can wait!
Morning and night, and joyous noon,
Unchanging here his place he holds,
Hiding his form from sun and moon
In these great mantle folds.
My thoughts have failed in every will;
No choice is mine; faint as I may,
I cannot 'scape one lingering mile,
I must not 'bate one timid day;
My path is on, till, frown or smile,
I meet him in the way.

Death has ne'er crossed our household gate,
Nor ever once come near to me;
Methinks it were a happy fate
To know him first, if this were he.
While yet no vacant place is here,
While yet no hope is hopeless grown,
Shadow, if this be thou, appear
In thine own shape—I will not fear
To go with thee alone.

Oh ye who know his mien of old,
Who have looked in, with 'bated breath—
Within his mantle's gloomy fold—
Tell me, if this be Death?

I see thee in the evening glooms,
O shadow of my onward way!
Clouding these quiet household rooms
Through many an undawned day.
There is weeping on some dearest faces,
Some hearts are sad and silent grown;
And out from these familiar places
Myself am past and gone.

Yet are my thoughts not always thus;
I see thee in another time,
Thy veiled hands full of flowers for us—
Gifts of life's flush and prime.
Sometimes, while one may draw a breath,
An angel, gliding on the way,
Holds back thy veil, and lo! beneath
Thou art not grief, thou art not death,
But in thy mantle gray
Dost only shroud and hoard awhile
Such gifts of price, most sweet and bright,

As make thee fain to veil with guile,
Through many a ling'ring day and night,
The beaming of the conscious smile
With which thy face is bright.

O shadowed form! O hidden face!
Thou mak'st no haste approaching me!
But day by day, with steady pace,
Nearer I draw to thee;
And whatsoe'er thy name may be,
Withersoe'er thy coming tends—
Or if my pathway passes thee,
Or at thy fated station ends—
Thou knowest what 't is thou bring'st to me,
I know who 't is that sends.

A DEATH SONG.

"*Darkness was upon the face of the deep; and God said let there be light; and there was light.*"—GEN. i. 2, 3.

SOUL of mine,
Mourning in darkness thicker than the night,
With claspèd hands before an empty shrine,
Give thanks; the heaven hath opened—
There is light!

Rich and fair,
Glories of nature home return to me;
The calm serene that fills the violet air,
The wondrous shading of the distant sea.

Full and sweet,
On wings more light than ever spanned the air,
That wondrous incense, for the altar meet,
Descends once more unto my poet-share.

Bright and grand,
Old pictures show which in my sad despair
I said, with aching heart and nerveless hand
God hath denied to my beseeching prayer.

Soft and slow,
Through all the chambers of my weary soul
I hear the blessed music come and go;
And the low measures thrill me as they roll.

Soul of mine,
Shine in the light that breaks upon the pure,
Give back an answering flash!
The gem is thine.
Sing, and thy song shall reach thee to endure!

THE WAY HE LED US.

"*Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee.*"—DEUT. viii. 2.

WHEN we reach a quiet dwelling
On the strong, eternal hills,
And our praise to Him is swelling,
Who the vast creation fills;
When the paths of prayer and duty,
And affliction, all are trod,
And we wake and see the beauty
Of our Saviour and our God;

With the light of resurrection,
When our changèd bodies glow,
And we gain the full perfection
Of the bliss begun below;
When the life that "flesh" obscureth
In each radiant form shall shine,
And the joy that aye endureth
Flashes forth in beams divine;

While we wave the palms of glory
Through the long, eternal years,
Shall we e'er forget the story
Of our mortal griefs and fears?

Shall we e'er forget the sadness,
And the clouds that hung so dim,
When our hearts are filled with gladness,
And our tears are dried by Him?

Shall the memory be banished
Of His kindness and His care,
When the wants and woes are vanished
Which He loved to soothe and share?
All the way by which He led us—
All the grievings which He bore,
All the patient love He taught us—
Shall we think of them no more?

Yes, we surely shall remember
How He quickened us from death,
While He fanned the dying ember
With His Spirit's glowing breath.
We shall read the tender meaning
Of the sorrows and alarms,
As we trod the desert, leaning
On His everlasting arms.

And His rest will be the dearer
When we think of weary ways,

And His light will seem the clearer
As we muse on cloudy days.
Oh, 't will be a glorious morrow
To a dark and stormy day!
We shall recollect our sorrow
As the streams that pass away.

WANTING IN FAITH.

"*We would see Jesus.*"—John xii. 21.

I KNOW not where those blessèd mansions lie
That Christ departed to prepare on high;
Nor where the new Jerusalem doth stand,
The glorious centre of a happy land;

Nor the full meaning of that tree of life,
The fruits unceasing, leaves with blessing rife;
That crystal stream of life is still to me
A beautiful, a baffling mystery.

Then those bright spirits, from the body free,
How can they worship there as now they be?
And how with one another can they speak?
The answer to all this I vainly seek.

These things I know not, yet I rest in this:
That Christ is there, and seeing Him is bliss;
For ever, Saviour, let me look on Thee,
And life shall be one endless ecstasy!

THE LIGHT OF GOD.

"*The glory which shall be revealed.*"—Rom. viii. 18.

I SHINE in the light of God,
His image stamps my brow,
Through the shadows of death my feet have trod,
I reign in glory now.
No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek where the frequent tear
Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have found the joys of heaven,
I am one of the angel band;
To my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand.
I have learnt the song they sing
Whom Jesus hath set free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody.

No sin, no sigh, no pain;
Safe in my happy home,
My fears are dead, my griefs all slain,
My hour of triumph come.
Oh, friends of my mortal years—
The trusted and the true—
Ye are walking still through the valley of tears,
But I wait to welcome you!

Do I forget? ah, no!
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet and touch again.
Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down, like a river of light,
To the world from which I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the raging voice of war
And the storm of conflict die?
Then why should your tears run down,
And your heart be sorely riven?
For another gem 's in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in heaven!

AT THE GATE.

"*This gate of the Lord, into which the righteous shall enter.*"
PSALMS cxviii. 20.

THERE'S a gate at the close of the pathway of life
That leads, it is said, to the land of the blest;
But the mists hide the country beyond from our sight,
And over the portal is written "rest;"
And an angel with folded wings doth wait
At the gate, at the gate.

Those most beloved we have seen draw nigh,
Till the portal's shadow is over them cast,
And the angel has opened the gate with a sigh,
And away, like a beautiful dream, they have passed.
In vain have we watched for them, early and late,
At the gate, at the gate.

We have stretched out our hands to clasp theirs once again;
We have sought for those eyes that have answered our own;

We 've called on each loved name, so fondly, and then
We have waited in vain for a look or a tone.
And we 've mourned, as the lost dove mourns for its mate,
At the gate, at the gate.

And we know that we, too, soon the portal shall gain,
And in the dark shadow shall lingering stand;
Our eyes gazing back on life's pleasure and pain,
But our hands stretching out to that radiant land.
We shall linger, it matters not sooner or late,
At the gate, at the gate.

And the angel will open the gate, and will guide
Our worn, wandering feet to the country of peace;
And with those we have loved we shall ever abide,
And all our lone waitings, and watchings, shall cease
Where the angel with folded wing doth wait,
At the gate, at the gate.

C. F. Burrows.

THE HEAVENLY CITY.

"*The city of my God, which is new Jerusalem.*"—Rev. iii. 12.

THE city's shining towers we may not see,
With our dim earthly vision;
For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes those gates Elysian.

But sometimes when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

THE LAND OF BEULAH.

"*Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off.*"—Is. xxxiii. 17.

O H, weary, halting pilgrim,
Haste to thy quiet rest;
The sands of life are sinking,
Hie to thy mountain nest!

See yonder sunset glory,
Telling the wondrous story
Of ages gray and hoary!

Soon shalt thou reach that country
Where shine the golden hills;
Where, through the still, green pastures,
Glide softly-murmuring rills;
Yonder, pure airs are blowing;
Fresh, gladsome streams are flowing,
And radiant sunshine glowing.

There winds the chill, dark river,
Whose stern, relentless flow
Beareth each soul full surely
To endless bliss or woe;
There shall be cooled life's fever;
'Neath Jordan's waves for ever,
From pain and sin we sever.

Just on the further border
Of Death's swift flowing tide
Riseth the holy city,
Glorious on every side!

Of pearls, and jasper fairest,
And chrysolite the rarest,
The crown of light thou wearest.

From yonder crystal portals,
Where gleams eternal light,
The King sends forth his angel
To Beulah's sunny height;
Nearer the river streameth,
Clearer the glory beameth,
Fairer the city gleameth!

Swiftly the white-robed angel,
With noiseless, wingèd touch,
Giveth the welcome summons:
"'The Lord hath need of such!'
Hear what thy King hath spoken;
Behold the royal token—
The golden bowl is broken!"

The silver cord is loosened,
Shattered the earthly shrine;
But Beulah's hill-tops echo
With rhapsody divine;

In heaven, no sin or sighing,
No pain, nor any dying;
Angels with seraph's vieing.

See! where the glory streameth
Upon the farther shore;
Bright shining ones are hymning
The song of ages hoar!
In Salem's temple dwelling,
The olden story telling,
The eternal chorus swelling,
For ever, evermore!

A. S. K.

IMMORTAL LONGINGS.

"*Bid me come unto Thee.*"—MATT. xiv. 28.

CHRIST, let me come to Thee!
My heart is weary, and I long for rest.
Is not my earthly mission well nigh done?
I cannot bear this burden on my breast—
It weighs my spirit downward like a stone.
My saddened life is ever veiled in clouds,
And midnight darkness hath come o'er my soul.
My once bright hopes are wrapped away in shrouds,
And sorrow's heavy surges round me roll.
Sweet Christ! oh, may I come?

Christ, let me come to Thee!
Life hath a dark Sahara been to me!
The few bright flowers that bloomed along my way
Were soon transplanted—each beloved tree
To bloom perennial in the "perfect day."
My dear loved ones sit round Thy Golden Throne
And wait—a broken circle—till I come;
Let me not linger here on earth alone—
Oh, let me join them in their heavenly home!
Sweet Christ! oh, may I come?

Christ, let me come to Thee!
Behind me roars the angry ocean tide;
Each crested wave comes nearer, nearer still;
The muttering thunders in the billows hide—
I shudder at their hoarse, loud voice so chill;
I cannot meet the fierce, wild storm of Life!
I have no strength to battle with it more!
Too long I 've wrestled in the painful strife,
I must lay down the burden that I bore.
Sweet Christ! oh, may I come?

Christ, let me come to Thee!
In dreams I hear Thy white-robed angels sing
The golden glories of their beauteous land;

I hear the rustle of each snowy wing,
And feel their touch upon my fevered hand.
Colder than ever seems the earth to me,
When I awake and see them flit away;
I strain my eyes the last bright glimpse to see,
And watch them vanish through the gates of day.
Sweet Christ! oh, may I come?

Christ, let me come to Thee!
I watch my toiling breath grow faint and slow;
I note the hectic deepening day by day,
And feel my life is like a wreath of snow,
Which one kind breath of heaven would melt away.
A little longer in this world of vice—
The wished-for boundary is almost passed—
I see the shining shore of Paradise,
I know my pain is almost o'er at last.
Sweet Christ! oh, let me come!

Christ, let me come to Thee!
I've seen the gates that guard Thy holy clime,
And often caught a gleam within;
I know they 'll open in Thine own good time,
And let Thy weary wandering child come in.

I 've had, all through this weary care and pain,
One blessed hope, that ne'er has known despair—
It cheers me like the sunshine after rain!
I know Thou 'lt hear my deep and heartfelt prayer,
And let me come to Thee!

WAIT AND WATCH.

"*Until the day break, and the shadows flee away.*"—CANT. ii. 17.

OH, take me in Thine arms to rest,
Until the breaking of the morn!
I am so weary, sad, forlorn,
So faithless at the best;

So "troubled about many things,"
I wait one moment at thy feet,
But ere the promised peace so sweet
Folds its ethereal wings

Within my panting heart, I rise
Still cumbered with my little cares,
Forgetting Him who ever shares
Our pains to sympathize.

Ah, wearily the race I run!
The burden, which to love is light,

Becomes too heavy for my might;
"Not to leave aught undone,"

The toiling spirit ceaseless cries.
Ah! Jesus knows "the flesh is weak!"
Poor heart! a spirit, loving, meek,
Thy Saviour more doth prize

Than all this struggling eagerness.
The Shepherd shows both staff and rod.
"*Be still!* and know that *I* am God!"
He says in tenderness.

"Remember, Isaac struggled not
When on Moriah's altar bound—
Hast thou such trials ever found
Appointed in thy lot?"

Here to the altar's horns with cords,
Lord, bind this lamb, although it be
A sacrifice unworthy Thee,
Yet, scoffer, 't is the Lord's!

And for the One Great Offering's sake,
Oh, make me strong to bear Thy will;
Strong now to suffer and lie still
Until the morning break.

No works can ever so much please
Him whom afar we follow still,
As child-like yielding to His will,
Through life's stern agonies.

Who waits with patience on the Lord,
And watcheth through the weary night
Beside his armor, in the fight
Bears Jesus' shield and sword.

So now I lay my cares to rest
Upon His heart who knows them all.
He will not let a sparrow fall
That flutters to His breast!

THE SONG OF THE SAVED.

"*After this I beheld, and, lo! a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.*"—REV. vii. 9.

HE comes, of all His saints to be admired;
These, in His spotless righteousness attired,
Down at Emmanuel's feet shall, radiant, cast
Their crowns at last!

He comes, the Christ of many crowns! to reign,
To judge the right, to sunder every chain;

The slave to free, the sleeping dead to call,
He, Lord of all!

Set in the Saviour's peerless crown of light,
Shines every ransomed soul, a jewel bright;
Each gathered to the everlasting store,
One jewel more.

The Master could not spare one tuneful lyre
From all the concord of that heavenly choir;
For each conspires the rhythm to prolong
In sweetest song.

Yea! fuller, richer shall the chorus swell,
For each weak voice attuned His love to tell;
For every hand that sweeps the harp in lays
To Jesus' praise.

Amid the hallelujahs of the skies,
No song more welcome to His ears can rise
Than ransomed sinners', when the strain they wake
For Jesus' sake!

A. S. K.

"MY AIN COUNTREE."

"But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—HEBREWS xi. 16.

I 'M far frae my hame, an' I 'm weary after-whiles,
For the langed-for hame-bringing an' my Father's welcome smiles;
I 'll ne'er be fu' content, until mine een do see
The shining gates o' heaven an' my ain countree.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh an' gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;
But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me,
When I hear the angels singing in my ain countree.

I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring.
Wi' een an' wi' hearts runnin' owre, we shall see
The King in his beauty in our ain countree.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they 'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair ;
His bluid has made me white, His hand shall dry mine e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to mine ain countree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo, unto my Saviour's breast ;
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
And carries them Himsel' to His ain countree.

He 's faithfu' that hath promised, He 'll surely come again,
He 'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken ;
But He bids me still to wait an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.

So I 'm watching, aye, an' singing o' my hame as I wait
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the shining gate.

God gie His grace to ilk ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain coun-
tree!

L.

SONG OF THE RANSOMED.

"*And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.*"—ISAIAH XXXV. 10.

HERE, brief is the sighing,
And brief is the crying,
For brief is the life!
The life *there* is endless;
The joy there is endless;
And ended the strife!

What joys are in heaven?
To whom are they given?
Ah, what? and to whom?
The stars to the earth-born;
"Best robes" to the sin-worn;
The crown for the doom!

O country the fairest!
Our country the dearest!
We press towards Thee!

O Zion the golden!
Our eyes now are holden
Thy light till we see!

Thy crystalline ocean
Unvexed by commotion,
Thy fountain of life;
Thy deep peace unspoken,
Pure, sinless, unbroken—
Thy peace beyond strife;

Thy meek saints all glorious,
Thy martyrs victorious,
Who suffer no more;
Thy halls full of singing,
Thy hymns ever ringing
Along thy safe shore.

Like the lily for whiteness,
Like the jewel for brightness,
Thy vestments, O Bride!
The Lamb ever with thee,
The Bridegroom is with thee—
With thee to abide!

We know not, we know not,
All human words show not,
The joys we may reach;
The mansions preparing,
The joys for our sharing,
The welcome for each.

O Zion the golden!
My eyes still are holden
Thy light till I see;
And deep in Thy glory,
Unveiled then before me,
My King, look on Thee!

BERNARD OF ~~CHYNI.~~ Cluni.

From Chron. of Schönberg-Cotta Family, 246.

THE SINNER'S CRY.

"*Hear my cry, O God! attend unto my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.*"—Ps. xli. 1, 2.

JESUS! Most Holy One!
Pray I to Thee:
These chains of darkness
Lord, break for me!

Take this sad heart of mine
  Mourning for sin,
To thy great Heart of love.
  Lord, take me in!

On the dark mountains
  Long have I strayed;
Cold winds of sorrow
  Round me have played.

None to bring comfort,
  None have I found;
Wild tears of anguish.
  Watered the ground.

To this dear refuge
  Now have I fled;
Know I Thy kind heart
  For me has bled.

Let not my tired soul
  Faint by the way;
Strengthen me, Saviour,
  Strengthen, I pray!

Take now the wanderer
Home to Thy rest,
Under Thy kind wing,
Sheltered and blest!

FAR OFF, YET NEAR.

O BLESSED LORD!
Once more, as at the opening of the day,
I read thy word;
And now, in all I read, I hear Thee say,
"To those who love, I will be ever near;"
And yet, while this I hear,
To me, O LORD, Thou seemest far away!

Thou Sovereign ONE,
Greater than mightiest kings, can it be fear
Or blinding sun
Made by thy glory, so if Thou art here
I cannot see Thee; yet this Word declares
That who so loves, and bears
Thy Holy Name, shall have Thee ever near!

I bear Thy name:
That love, dear LORD, have I not long confessed?
Thy love's the same,
As when, like John, I leaned upon Thy breast,
And knew I loved; oh, which of us has changed?
Am I from Thee estranged?
O LORD, thou changest not: I know the rest!

My doubting heart
Trembles with its own weakness, and afraid
I dwell apart
From Thee, on whom alone my hope is stayed:
I would, and yet I do not know Thy will
And perfect love; am still
Unmaking that which Thou for me hast made.

O blessèd LORD!
Far off, yet near, on me new grace bestow,
As on Thy Word
I go to meet Thee; even now, I know
Thou nearer art than when my quest began;
One cry, and Thy feet ran
To meet me; LORD, I will not let Thee go!

A. D. F. R.

THE THREE ROOMS.

"They go from——strength to strength."—*Ps.* 84. 7.

O LONG forgotten Room of Charity,
Open thy rusty doors,
And take me in to breathe thy purer air,
To tread thy hard, bare floors!
Long since, with childhood's gift of simple faith,
I crept within,—where falls
The strange, sweet eastern glow so lovingly
Upon thy rough, bleak walls,
Touching their sternness with its own soft li
Which awes, but not appals!

I know that he who hopes to dwell within
That lowly edifice,
Must learn betimes to walk the rugged floor
Of stern self-sacrifice;
For lo! The eastward window looketh forth
Unto the mount of God,
Where Christ, the only sacrifice for sin,
The awful wine-press trod:
Help me to occupy this room, for Thee,
My Master and my Lord!

O holy Room of Hope! to thy true joys
Now let me enter in;

Through long discouragement and weary strife,
Thank God, the right *must win!*
From thy calm presence-chamber let me bear
Some strength for coming ill,—
Hope, that shall alway cling to Truth and Right
To prove God's wiser will,—
And from the depth of self-despair shall draw
Assurance deeper still.

And when, if God so please, His hand is laid
In timely, chastening love,
When He retakes the treasures that He lent,
To store them up above,—
Then, sweetest grace of Patience, stay my heart
And cheer my low estate,
That I may trust Him, though He deals the blow
That lays me desolate;—
Until the Great Revealer comes at length,
In patience would I wait.

O patient Christ! let me but taste the joy
Of sympathy with Thee,
Then must Thy love transfigure with its light
The darkest cross for me!
For in Thy fellowship all loss is gain,
Though flesh and heart be riven:

The clouded Room of Paitence, where I sit
  Waiting the promise given,
If Thou but tarry *with me*, there, my Lord,
  Must prove the gate of Heaven! A. S. K.

EXCEPT IT DIE.

"*Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.*"—John xii. 24.

NEAR by, among the harvest sheaves,
  I found his grave,
And side by side, in kindred rest,
  Another brave;
Yonder, the reeking field of death
  Up-ploughed by war,
Where late the battle-scythe hath reaped
  One harvest more.

This quiet resting-place of his
  Among the wheat
Shall typify, by faith, to me
  A truth most sweet:
For he low in the ground must lie
  As buried grain,
That so, like "corn of wheat," he rise
  To live again.

Perhaps to our poor foolish sight,
Our human thought,
The grain hath seemed too early reaped,
The life too short;
But God, who measures not by years,
Hath other test,
And though the grain be garnered soon,
His time is best!

"*Except it die*,"—through Death to Life
The pathway lies;
Through suff'ring comes the richer grace,
The higher prize!
O risen Lord! Thy cross is ours,
The crucified;
Let us, in Thy good time, with Thee
Be glorified!

Then shall the buried grain spring up
In golden sheaf,—
A resurrection meet to chide
Our unbelief;—
Sown in dishonor—raised in might,
And fashioned fair—
A body gloriously formed
Christ's crown to wear! A. S. K.

FAITH AND PATIENCE.

"*Ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise.*"—Heb. x. 36.

LORD, give to me that fearless trust
Which clasps Thy promise, sweet and sure,
And sees by faith the germ mature,
Though now it lieth low in dust.

Deep down beneath the lighter soil
We hide the seed with many a prayer;
We know Thy Spirit must be there,
Or else in vain is all our toil.

And buried seed and harvest sheaf
Are past and *future* unto me;
But both are present, Lord, to Thee,—
Lord Jesus, help mine unbelief!

A thousand of our toilsome years
To Thee are but one day of light;
And, floating in *Thy* Sun, how bright
Our little mote of life appears!

Oh life so brief, and yet so grand!
So full of mystery; read aright,
So fraught with meaning, full of might—
We still are slow to understand.

Lord! open Thou our blinded eyes
To see the angels camping round;
The seed that burst from garden-ground
Has made earth more than Paradise.

"The grain of wheat must fall and die,"
To bear the Eternal Harvest sheaf;
Oh! vivify our slow belief;
Thou who didst three days buried lie.

Help me to take Thee at Thy word;
Forever true I *know* Thou art:
When I have done in faith *my* part,
Thine will not be too long deferred.

And yet Thou knowest I am prone,
Saviour, to doubt if love of Thine
Would reach to depths where love of mine
Would gladly go, though all alone.

Oh shameful doubt of Love most grand,
And deep and high, beyond our thought!
Let me no longer count as naught
The Love I cannot understand.

Thou knowest, Saviour, how to show
Lost souls Thy purposes of love:

Thy ways and thoughts are far above
Our puny thoughts that creep below.

Thou watchest, out of human sight,
The precious, quickened seed take root;
We only see the springing shoot,
And dream it sprung up in a night!

And all is Thine:—the seed we sow,
The hand that sows it, and the faith
That clings to what Thy mercy saith,
And trusts where now it may not know.

So here I cast upon Thy heart
The souls I long to see Thee save:
Thy mercy, Lord, for them I crave,
Saviour of sinners while Thou art! L.